MARVIN KUHNS.

Thrilling Episodes In the Life of the Notorious Desperado.

BY FRANK DILDINE.

One of the most noted desperadoes that ever infested northern Indiana or roamed through the counties of central and northern Ohio was Marvin Kuhns, who is now serving a life sentence in the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus for the murder of William Campau, a horse trader, at Fostoria, O., on the night of the 19th of November, 1890.

For a few days after its commission the murder was a mystery. The body of Campau was found the next morning, just in the outskirts of the town, lying alongside the railroad track. No one knew who had done the deed, and for the first two days of the coroner's inquest even the name of the murdered man was not disclosed. He was a stranger to everybody. It remained for Marvin Kuhns to identify him, and his boldness in doing it shows the daredevil spirit of the man.

The day after the murder Kuhns remained around Fostoria, but the morning following he left town. The Fostoria officers were unable to discover any clew to the murder or the name of the murdered man and finally offered a reward for any information that would throw light on the matter, for that he was murdered was evident from the fact that a bullet hole was in his head and no revolver was found anywhere near his person. Kuhns saw the notice of this reward in the papers and on the last day of the coroner's inquest appeared at Fostoria and, entering the courtroom, went forward to the prosecuting attorney, who was conducting the examination, and said in a low tone to him, "I can identify this dead man."

He was given a seat near the lawyer's table and soon after called to the witness chair. He said that the dead man was William Campau and that he had been associated with him in central Ohio in the buying and selling and trading of horses. Campau, when drunk one night, had left him, and from that time he knew nothing of his whereabouts until he saw his picture in the papers giving an account of the murder and the offer of a reward for his identification. He said that Campau must have had money on his person, for when he last saw him he had some $1,500 in his possession. About the murder he said that he knew nothing at all.

His story was told in a sort of narrative form and seemed truthful to many who heard it, but in the cross examination that followed he became so "badly mixed" that the prosecuting attorney began to suspect that he knew more about the murder than he had told and said to the constable in attendance, "Keep an eye on that witness, for I will want him again."

But Kuhns "smelt a rat" and soon after giving his testimony left the room and boarded a west bound Nickel Plate freight train. The evidence afterward taken led the prosecutor to think that Kuhns might be the murderer of Campau.

When sworn as a witness, he had given a fictitious name. Afterward it was learned that he was Marvin Kuhns, the noted horse thief, and the prosecutor was convinced, from the character of the testimony and other circumstances which came to light, that he was the man who murdered Campau.

Immediately a warrant was issued for his arrest, but Kuhns had escaped, and the Fostoria authorities, anxious to get him into custody, at once caused the publication of a large reward for his arrest.

He may or may not have seen this publication, but if he did it did not deter him from visiting his old haunts, for in a few days he was at Churubusco, a little town in northern Indiana and near to the home of his parents in Noble county, where he contemplated going. On his way to Churubusco he passed through Fort Wayne, spent several hours there and was seen and recognized by several persons who knew him and knew of the reward that was offered for his capture, but he left before the officers were apprised of his presence in the city.

George S. Viberg was then sheriff at Fort Wayne. As soon as he learned that Kuhns had been in town he felt confident that he was on his way to Churubusco and immediately formed two posses of officers to go by different roads to Churubusco to apprehend and arrest the desperado.

The party, in which were Deputy Sheriff Tom Wilkinson and Police Officer John Kennelly, reached Churubusco first. It was late in the afternoon. They learned that Kuhns was in town, drinking and carousing with a man named Mease, both well armed, and terrifying saloon keepers and others with their brandished revolvers. The two Fort Wayne officers, in company with the town marshal, Jackson, immediately started out in search of Kuhns. They found him on the principal street of the town, in company with Mease, and then and there occurred one of the bloodiest and most desperate street battles ever fought in northern Indiana between police officers and criminals.

Just how it was fought will never perhaps be correctly told, although the five participants are still living. I was a

DESPERATE ESCAPE.

newspaper reporter at Fort Wayne at the time and talked with all of them, but was unable from the conflicting statements to get a satisfactory version of the fight. This much, however, is known: The three officers and the two desperadoes met, and the surrender of Kuhns was demanded. The bandit's reply was, "I will never be taken alive!" and when the smoke from the battle of bullets that followed had cleared away Mease and Officer Kennelly lay on the ground helpless, the former shot in the leg and the latter with a bullet in his head and also one in another part of his body. Kuhns was shot three times in the back and once in the breast, near the left lung. Wilkinson and Jackson were unharmed. Kuhns had lost his revolver in the fight and, tearing himself away from the two officers, escaped by jumping into a road cart near by and driving at breakneck speed out of town. Wounded, as he was, almost unto death, with four bullets in

"I WILL NEVER BE TAKEN ALIVE!"

his body, one of which it was thought by the doctors for some days afterward would cause his death, he drove four miles into the country alone, secured lodging at a farmhouse and about 2 o'clock the next morning was found in bed there by Sheriff Viberg and Officer Wilkinson. Unable to make any resistance, he quietly submitted to arrest and was taken to Fort Wayne and lodged in jail.

Life for Kuhns hung upon a slender thread. When I visited him the morning after his arrest and he lay on his cot in the hospital department of the jail, he looked as if his last hour were near, and yet, in reply to my question, "How do you feel?" he said, with an attempt at a smile: "You think I'm done up, don't you? I'll pull through all right yet." And pull through he did. In the course of a few months he was removed to the jail at Tiffin, O., where his trial for the murder of Campau took place. It ended with his conviction. The evidence against him was entirely circumstantial, but it was of such a strong character that it left no doubt in the minds of those who heard it that he was guilty. He was given a life sentence and taken to the penitentiary at Columbus, where at different times I have met and talked to him for the purpose of learning something about his desperado career previous to the murder of Campau at Fostoria. What I give below was learned from him and gathered from persons living around his old home who were familiar with his history.

The parents of Kuhns lived in Green township, Noble county, Ind., in which there were several small lakes, surrounded by thick forests, which afforded safe retreats for the outlaws who infested that section of the state when they were pursued by the officers. From his youth he was a daredevil, fearless of danger, but always cool when facing it. He early drifted into a reckless sort of life and for several years was one of the most noted horse thieves in northern Indiana, his courage and success in planning robberies finally making him the leader of a band who operated in that neighborhood and who were a terror to the farmers because of their many acts of lawlessness and their swift punishment of any person who instituted proceedings for their apprehension and arrest.

He was arrested once for drunkenness and held on suspicion by the officers of being a horse thief. In the jail at the time there was another criminal named Howell. Together they formed a scheme to attack the sheriff and escape. It was successfully carried out. The sheriff was terribly beaten while inside the bars, and the desperadoes got away safely. Howell was recaptured, but Kuhns, although surrounded, knocked down two officers and escaped.

But justice finally overtakes the most shrewd criminals, and it overtook Kuhns. He was arrested for horse stealing, tried, convicted and sent to the northern Indiana prison at Michigan City. He served out his term and was released. Returning to his old home in Noble county, he found things "a little too hot" for him and concluded to go to fresh fields, where he was not so well known and where the officials were not continually holding him under surveillance. He went to Napoleon and the towns thereabout and afterward to Prospect, in the central part of the state.

His old criminal life was recommenced, and in it he displayed even more of the bandit spirit than before and was bolder and more reckless than he had been in the past. In Henry county he "struck it rich," raising a few hundred dollars, and, fearing detection, left for central Ohio. His headquarters were at Prospect, and his ostensible business was that of "a horse trader," and in that he seldom got the worse end of the bargain. "I know a horse from the tip end of his tail to the tip end of his nose," he said to me when I was talking to him in the Ohio penitentiary, "and there isn't a fellow inside or outside these walls who can beat me on a horse trade."

Not long after the arrival of Kuhns at Prospect several valuable horses mysteriously disappeared, and he was accused of stealing them. He was arrested for one of these crimes and taken before a justice of the peace for a preliminary examination. The constable and his assistants had disarmed him, as they thought, at the time of his arrest, but during the examination he pulled a revolver from his boot leg, drove every one in the courtroom into an adjoining apartment, locked the door and escaped.

He next turned up at New Knoxville, where he entered a saloon and with drawn revolver made the bartender set up the drinks. In Huntington county, Ind., he was arrested for some crime and taken to the jail door, when he drew a revolver on the city marshal and escaped. The marshal fired at him, but none of the shots took effect.

On another occasion in an Indiana town—at Albion, I think it was—he was arrested and placed in jail. He broke out of this jail one night and in his flight along the country road passed a house which he entered and stole from it a suit of wedding clothes of a young man who was to be married next day. He was pursued and surrounded by six men, farmers and farmers' sons. Pulling his revolver, he said, with an oath:

"If some of you fellows don't want to get shot, you had better make a gap there for me."

The gap was made, and he escaped.

At one time Kuhns was under arrest in Ohio. He had been caught out in the country a few miles by two officers. Knowing his desperate character, they handcuffed him and were driving with him in a buggy to town when Kuhns, with his manacled hands, knocked the two officers in the head and fled, leaving them senseless, one in the buggy and the other lying along the roadside.

This is a narration of a few of his bandit deeds. His life was full of them, for he was only a little over 28 years of age at the time of his arrest for the murder of Campau. They are not given in the order of their occurrence, but all of them happened before his meeting with Campau at Prospect, to which place he had the boldness to return despite his previous record.

Whether his murder of Campau was for the purpose of securing his money or was done in the heat of a sudden quarrel will never be known unless Kuhns makes a confession. I think it must have been done during a quarrel. Kuhns was a Dick Turpin sort of bandit, ready to take life when resisting arrest, but kind hearted and true to his friends, and in their horse trading transactions a warm friendship had sprung up between him and Campau. I talked with him about the murder at the jail in Tiffin and also at the Ohio penitentiary, but in all the interviews he seemed to want to avoid the subject.

"Of course," he said when I visited him in the Ohio prison, "you would expect me to say that I was innocent, but the fact is I don't know much more about it than you do. I was with him at Prospect, and I rode with him to Fostoria. We got on a big drunk there. He was flashing his money in every saloon, and I expect some of the toughs spotted him and followed him. When a man has got money, he is a regular fool to make a display of it in a saloon.

"I know I have led a pretty bad life, but I began wrong, and very early in life was thrown into associations which led me to steal and drink. If ever I get out into the world again, you can bet I will leave whisky alone, for it led me into and kept me in the sort of life I followed."

Sharks of Delagoa Bay.

Delagoa bay, where some of the British soldiers land on their way to the Transvaal, is noted for the sharks which infest it. The natives are terrorized by

A DELAGOA BAY MAN EATER.

these monsters, and numerous stories are told of their devouring people. The accompanying picture is that of a man eater recently caught in these waters.

AIR WARSHIP.

New and Terrible Fighting Machine Made In Germany.

Count von Zeppelin of the German army believes and Major Baden-Powell, the British army authority, agrees that he has solved the great problem of war balloons in the gigantic aluminium airship just completed and now ready to be tested.

For almost 30 years he worked at the problem, utilizing his own large means and the scientific advice of the leading German thinkers. One of his chief difficulties was to secure a propeller that would be effective in the air. He at last succeeded in making one which, when attached to a balloon and revolved in the air, drove it along at the rate of nine miles an hour.

After this success he called a meeting of scientists and capitalists in Berlin last year, when a company was formed, with a capital of $200,000, for the building of the airship. Half of this sum was subscribed by the count himself as proof of his faith in his invention, and the German government experts gave their approval of his design.

The Zeppelin flying machine has been constructed in a special building, 455 feet long, 78 feet wide and 68 feet high, almost the length of two city blocks and as high as a four story house.

On entering, the visitor sees a tremendous skeleton of aluminium wires. This huge device is 406 feet long and 39 feet in diameter in the center. The framework is made of aluminium bars, forming 24 sided polygons, joined firmly together by longitudinal strips of the same metal and all firmly braced by T shaped braces. The large polygonal rings are 25 feet apart and are braced in addition by numberless strong strands of aluminium wire, running from a central small circle, giving the effect of a huge bicycle wheel or a series of them.

The result of this construction is that the great airship is divided into 17 compartments, firmly connected and yet separate.

The plan is to put a balloon into each of these compartments. These balloons are to supply the buoyancy which keeps the ship in the air. The idea in dividing the balloons is to prevent an accident from disabling the ship and causing the death of its navigators. The separation into compartments also makes it possible to give the ship the shape best adapted for overcoming the resistance of the air in its motion.

The balloons are to be filled with hydrogen gas from retorts already in place on the pontoons. There will be about 32,000 cubic feet of gas in the whole ship. It is admitted by all scientists that the lifting power of so much hydrogen gas will be ten tons. The weight of the ship, cars and machinery will be only about four tons.

The inventor relies upon the fact that every body in motion ought to be easily steered. This has not been the case hitherto with airships, for several reasons.

AIR WARSHIP IN ACTION.

One was their unscientific form, the other that there was not enough headway provided by the propelling force to give the steering apparatus a hold on the air. These difficulties Count Zeppelin claims to have overcome.

The forward and backward motion is to be controlled by four very large aluminium propeller blades. Two of these will be in front, just where the circumference of the ship begins to decrease toward a point, and the other two in a similar position at the rear. The steering will be done by double rudder blades at front and rear.

The motive power for these propellers is to be furnished by two Daimler motors, using benzine as fuel. These are the lightest possible engines which will produce the required power of 12 to 15 horsepower each. These engines will be carried in two aluminium cars, hung forward and aft, just beneath the propellers.

The cars will be 20 feet long, 5 feet wide and 3 feet deep, shaped to an edge and pointed fore and aft. The motors are connected with the propellers by strong steel rods and two shifting link couplings, so as to have as little play as possible.

An Alaskan Home.

An Alaskan hut is not the worst place in the world—far from it. Its interior consists of a square floor of earth, flanked on all sides by two wide ledges rising one above the other like a terrace. On the lower one rest the cooking, weaving and fishing utensils, the knives and needles, pots and pans. On the upper ledge, with much display on wonderfully woven blankets, are the beds. In the center of the room glows the fire, the smoke groping its way out of a hole in the roof. After the day's work is done and the stomachs of both people and dogs are full the family gathers around the fire. Facing the door sits the father, next him the mother, on one hand the sons and on the other the daughters, even to the third and fourth generation, it may be. Beyond these are the servants or slaves. Each has his place and takes it as a matter of course.—Self Culture.

CALIFORNIA OLIVES.

MANY MILLIONS ALREADY INVESTED IN THE INDUSTRY.

The Culture of Olive Trees and the Manufacture of Oil—Work of the Early Monks of the Pacific Coast. Bancroft's Historic Plantation.

[Special Correspondence.]

HELIX, Cal., Nov. 22.—Herbert Howe Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific states, has an extensive olive plantation near here. The estate covers 700 acres and has a curious history. The first Spanish hidalgo locating in California came by way of South America, and after exploring the interior was attracted to Helix by a famous spring of water. He called it the Spring of St. George and decided to make his permanent home in this valley. Having no intention of returning to Europe, he had his ship taken apart on the coast, ten miles distant, and the lumber used in constructing his house.

Some years ago Mr. Bancroft acquired the property and lives here part of the year. He occupies the house of the early Spaniard. It is a long, one story affair and is furnished with ancient furniture. The most interesting room is Mr. Bancroft's library. He has a complete set of his own books, which must number at least 30. There are many volumes relating to China and Japan. Two of Captain F. A. Mitchel's famous war stories, "Chickamauga" and "Chattanooga," were on the shelves. The writings of Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant and Miss Braddon were well represented.

The olive orchard presents a beautiful sight. The trees are planted in rows at regular intervals. No vegetation of any kind is allowed to grow in the ground between the trees, and as the leaves are renewed every three years a very cleanly appearance is shown. Along the private roadways and surrounding the houses brilliant flowers are growing. Then there are stately palm trees, rubber plants 50 and 60 feet high, century plants reaching a similar elevation and many other forms of semitropical growth.

Olive trees were first introduced in California by the Franciscan missionaries in the latter part of the last century, and the idea was to furnish food to the monks. Some of the trees planted by these zealous men are still standing and are bearing fruit. One of the trees at the Capistrano mission, 30 miles south of Los Angeles, was planted in 1769. It is 50 feet high, and the diameter of the trunk is five feet.

The average height of an olive tree is about 20 feet. The leaves are oblong in shape and are green on top and whitish underneath. The tree from a distance appears silver gray in color, especially when contrasted with the deep green of orange and lemon trees. It takes seven years for an olive tree to arrive at the fruitful period, but after that it will bear for many years. There is said to be one tree over 2,000 years old.

Formerly olive trees were propagated by seeds. This was a slow method.

ONE OF BANCROFT'S OLIVE TREES.

It seems that at the base of the trunks little slips or buds appear, and it occurred to a certain close observer to experiment with these shoots. In 1882 a workman in a nursery at Pomona discovered that olive trees could be grown by planting these shoots during the winter in a greenhouse and then setting them out in the open air when the spring arrived. The man who made this discovery is still at work for $1.50 a day, but California has been enriched many millions of dollars.

When the olives are ripe, they are very carefully gathered by boys and Chinese workmen. A large sheet is placed on the ground and the tree is shaken, or else the fruit is dislodged by hand or by means of rakes. The fruit is then placed in troughs, and over it is passed a heavy stone roller. The result of this process is to reduce the olives to a pulp. This pulpy mass is then placed in an olive press and a quantity of oil is secured. What remains of the pulp is allowed to dry for another day and is then placed in the press and a second grade of oil is produced. The pulp is then allowed to dry for two or three days more, when it is again placed in the press and a third grade of oil is taken off. This crude oil must then be purified by means of filtration. The oil is then placed in tin tanks, and after a day or two the foreign matter and the oil are drawn off. This process is repeated many times until a perfect oil is secured.

In California there are three mills for producing olive oil. The machinery for them was brought from Italy and Spain. Outside of the monasteries the first oil was made in 1871. In 1893 the total output of the state was nearly 50,000 gallons, while that of this winter promises to exceed 75,000 gallons.

WILLIAM R. BRITTON.

A BULKY RECEIPT.

The Bank Depositor Had Something to Show For His Money.

A man with a German accent and a fierce red mustache walked into one of the banks the other day and announced that he wanted to open an account.

He was directed to the proper official and from a well worn belt extracted $500. This sum he handed through the window.

The bank official shoved the big signature book toward the depositor for his signature. Just then the official's attention was attracted in another direction. When, a second later, he turned around, the man with the red mustache was coolly walking toward the door with the book, which contained the signatures of all the depositors in the bank, tucked under his arm.

The assistant cashier yelled:

"Hold on, there!"

But the Teuton pursued his even course toward the street.

The official rushed from behind his counter and caught the new depositor just as he reached the door.

"What are you doing with that book?" demanded the bank official angrily, laying hold of the precious volume.

"Why, I thought that was the receipt for my $500!" answered the German, completely bewildered.

In the same bank a well dressed woman called to deposit $300.

The assistant cashier pushed the signature book toward her, after receiving the deposit.

"Sign your name there," said the official, indicating the proper place.

The woman took up the pen and made a show of writing, but the steel point never touched the paper. After a few more fancy flourishes in the air the woman handed back the pen, saying:

"Last summer I used to write my name all right, but for some reason I can't do it now."

The bank official directed her to make an "X" in the book.—Chicago Journal.

TWO MEAN TOWNS.

The Stories That the Traveling Men Told About Them.

They were talking about bad towns.

"The meanest place I ever was in," said the man who travels for a Chicago house, "is down in Massachusetts. Say, do you know what happened while I was stopping there once? A man had fallen through a hole in a sidewalk and sustained injuries that resulted in the loss of his right arm. He sued the city for damages, and the case was tried before a jury, which, the papers said, was composed of representative citizens. Well, what do you suppose they did to him? Brought in a verdict in favor of the city, holding that inasmuch as he was left handed his injury didn't amount to anything."

"Yes," the cigar man said, "that's a pretty mean town, I admit, but I know of a worse one. This place is in Pennsylvania. An acquaintance of mine down there was injured some time ago in pretty much the same way the man you mentioned got hurt. He fell on a bad sidewalk and lost one of his legs. He sued the city, and didn't get anything. I never heard just why, but probably because the jurors didn't believe he needed more than one leg in his business, seeing that he was a barber and couldn't hone a razor or shave a man with his foot anyway. But wait, I haven't come to the point at which the real meanness developed. Being a poor man, he couldn't afford to buy a cork leg, so he had to get along with a wooden peg, and one day while he was crossing the principal street this peg in some way got wedged between a couple of paving stones right in the middle of the street car track. It took them nearly an hour to get him loose, and what do you suppose happened then? Blamed if they didn't go and fine him $10 and costs for obstructing traffic!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Why a Cemetery Fence?

It was a Maine graveyard, and the fence thereof was in a most disreputable condition.

Some of the neighbors were trying to start a movement to put a new fence around the cemetery, and it was meeting with general approval till the caustic wit of Darius Howard was aroused.

"What for?" he inquired. "What's the need of fencing the graveyard? There ain't no one inside that wants to come out, and I'm darn sure there ain't any one outside that wants to get in. So what's the need of the fence?"

And the fence was not built till folk had ceased to chuckle over the thrust of Darius.—Lewiston Journal.

DUSK ON THE WIDE, LOW PLAIN.

Dusk on the wide, low plain,
And a glint in the foreground lying
Water fringed by a ring of tremulous whispering reeds,
And over it circling bats
And the sound of the killdees' crying,
And around it the sigh of the wind in a network of shivering weeds.

Dusk on the wide, low plain,
And a star in the distance peering
Over the serried peaks of shifting, vanishing blue,
And an oak tree black on the sand,
And a hare loping off through the clearing,
And, out where the tarweeds toss, the bleat of a wandering ewe.

Dusk on the wide, low plain,
And a crane to the pools descending,
And soft where the mulleins wait, the flit of a ground owl's wing,
And a hawk beating home to his perch
Where the clouds with the crests are blending,
And shades of the hastening night round the lessening foothills cling.

—William Higgs in Youth's Companion.

HE ATE ANOTHER DINNER.

And Even at That He Didn't Get His Money's Worth.

"Speaking of the man who 'wants to get even' reminds me," said the room clerk, "of something that happened last season when I was working in Chicago. A man from South Bend, Ind., put up at the hotel on the American plan one day and took dinner outside with a friend. When he came to pay his bill that evening, he found he had been charged for the meal and immediately raised Cain. The clerk tried to explain that the American plan was based entirely upon time, and if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout, but the man from South Bend couldn't get it through his head. He paid the bill under protest and inquired whether dinner was still on.

"'Yes, sir,' said the clerk, 'it lasts till 9 p. m.'

"'Then, by jings!' he exclaimed, 'I'll just go up and tackle it! I've eaten one dinner already, but you bet I'm going to get my money's worth out of this old house if I bust!'

"He rushed into the dining room, grabbed a bill of fare and ordered everything he could think of, his sole idea being to get even for that charge. It was a sumptuous repast, and what he couldn't eat he messed up so it would be of no use to anybody else. When he finally got through, the waiter handed him a check for $4.10.

"'What's that for?' he asked in surprise.

"'Your dinner, sir,' said the waiter.

"'But I've already paid for it in my bill,' he protested. 'I'm staying here on the American plan.'

"'Then you should have gone to the other dining room,' said the waiter. 'This is the European plan cafe.'

"The man from South Bend paid the bill in silence and walked out. When he reached the sidewalk, his pent up emotion exploded, and he said things that shocked even the cab drivers."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Alien From Arkansas.

"When I was on the bench," relates Judge J. J. Du Bose, "we were once making up a special jury for a murder trial. The lawyers were examining the venire, and I wasn't paying much attention to what was going on till one of the lawyers attracted my attention by saying:

"'Your honor, this man is incompetent for jury service. He's a foreigner.'

"I looked at the man under examination and didn't think he looked like a foreigner. He looked, anyway, like he was acclimated. So I asked him:

"'Have you ever been naturalized?'

"'No, sir,' he answered.

"'And you say you're a foreigner and not naturalized? What country are you a native of?'

"'Arkansas.'

"Well, everybody in the courtroom laughed. I told the man he could go. He wasn't much of a foreigner, but too much to sit on a jury in my court."—Memphis Scimitar.

Secret Drawers.

"Most people seem to think," says a maker of furniture, "that secret drawers and hidden receptacles in furniture only exist in novels and plays, but this is by no means so. I very frequently take orders for such items, and I employ a clever woman designer, who shows positive genius in planning places of concealment, which no amount of tapping or measuring could reveal. In most cases, even were the hollow receptacle discovered, the woodwork around would have to be cut away, so complex are the fastenings. Most of the orders come from women—and rich people, of course—and I have no doubt that a desire to hide articles from too curious servants dictates the orders."—New York Tribune.

Laughed Till He Cried.

"Papa fell over my express wagon this morning," said Willie. "My, it was funny. I laughed till I cried."

"Did yer?" said Tommy.

"Yes," replied Willie. "Papa caught me laughing."—Philadelphia Record.

GHOST OF HER VICTIM.

How A Woman Was Driven to Confess a Murder of Which Another Had Been Convicted.

Nothing has occurred in the annals of crime more remarkable than the confession just made by Mrs. Anna Bowen, says an Onaway (Mich.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. She declares that she shot and killed Donald Gills last April. In her own defense she says the fatal shots were fired without intent to kill. This confession comes in a most

HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF HER VICTIM.

startling manner and at a most startling moment. Already convicted of the killing of Gills, Frank Morgan is now awaiting sentence, and there is no telling what effect upon the court the declaration of Mrs. Bowen will have.

There is just a tinge of romance behind this shooting. Mrs. Bowen, who is a widow, owns a cozy little home on the outskirts of this village. It has long been known hereabout that Morgan is one of her most ardent admirers. He has been devoted in his attentions to her for more than a year past, and the whole community has awaited the announcement of a date for their marriage. Morgan has been constant in his attendance upon Mrs. Bowen, and there have been few evenings that he has not spent with her. The people of the place have also known for some time that Donald Gills had a tender feeling toward the young widow, and it is the general belief that the shooting was brought about by his endeavors to be with her while the other suitor was around.

The shooting occurred on April 29 last, early in the evening. Morgan had taken supper with Mrs. Bowen and was seated with her in the sitting room when Gills came to the house. It is impossible to give the details of what immediately followed when Gills knocked at the front door. He is dead and cannot tell his story. Morgan, in his own defense, having been charged with the crime of murdering Gills, has said that he fired a landing shot with the intention of frightening the intruder away. He made this plea before a court and jury, but it was of no avail. The jurymen believed him guilty of a deliberate killing and found him guilty without taking much time to consider their verdict. Now comes the confession of Mrs. Bowen.

She tells a most remarkable story, and she tells it with an amount of circumstantiality that almost carries with it the weight of instant conviction.

"I would never have told this story," she says, "if I had not been compelled to. It was I who fired the fatal shot. I did it with a revolver that my husband owned. I had reason to believe that some of my neighbors intended to annoy me. There are many jealous people in this vicinity, and it was not many days before the shooting that I received a threatening letter declaring that if I did not leave the town at once I would be compelled to. Right after I got that letter I took my husband's revolver out of the bureau drawer where it had lain ever since his death and cleaned it thoroughly. There were some cartridges in the same drawer, and I loaded all six of the chambers. I knew just what I was about, and my plans were fully made. I was determined that somebody should surely suffer in case I was molested in any way.

"I kept the loaded revolver in a handy place all the time. Mr. Morgan knew that I had it, and when he came to call on me on the fatal evening it lay on the mantelpiece in the room where we were sitting. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when we heard a loud knock at the front door of the house. Mr. Morgan said he would go out and see who was there. My first thought was of the neighbors, and, taking the revolver in my hand, I followed him out to the door. He unbolted and opened it. A man stood on the porch. I could not recognize him in the dim light. I thought I heard voices behind him. Mr. Morgan had scarcely asked, 'Who is that?' when with a sudden impulse I raised the revolver and shot over his shoulder.

"Just as I fired Morgan turned to me and pushed me back. That is all I remember, for the next instant I fell in a swoon. When I recovered my senses, Morgan was standing over me dripping water on my face. He told me I had shot some one—a man, I believe he said—and he was lying dead on the porch outside. I was overwhelmed by the horror of the thing, and my first thought was how we could get rid of the corpse without any one knowing anything about it. The revolver at that time lay on the floor beside me, where it had fallen when I fainted. At that moment I did not think how sure it would be that the neighbors would have heard the shot and would be flocking to the house. They came in a very few minutes and found Gills lying there."

Here comes the most remarkable part of the story. Morgan, like a real hero, declared to the first comers that he had done the shooting and that he alone was to blame.

Having made this chivalrous declaration to the first party of citizens that came to investigate the shooting, Morgan stuck to it all the way through. In everything that transpired afterward he shielded Mrs. Bowen. He was placed under arrest and confined in the local jail. The grand jury took up the matter, and he was straightway indicted for murder. He was tried before the court of sessions and was convicted, as has already been related. There was no recommendation for mercy and no thought of anything to intervene between him and the gallows until the unexpected made.

"It is impossible," she says, "for me to keep up deception any longer. Since the night of that shooting there has not been a moment when the face of this man Gills has not been in front of me. His specter has followed me everywhere. I have seen him in the house, in the sitting room, in my own room and on the porch. When I have driven along the road, I have seen him flitting among the trees. It has been impossible for me to escape from him for a single moment. I have tried every way in vain.

"Worst of all, I have had a feeling that he demanded I should tell the whole truth, and that is why I am doing so now. If it had not been for him, I do not suppose I would now be making this declaration. On the night of the shooting Morgan told me I should keep quiet, as he could stand the blame a great deal better than I could. I was so overcome at the time that I assented to this proposition and promised him that I would stick to that theory of the shooting.

"I have not known a moment's rest since that fatal night. I have been continually haunted not only by the thought of the shooting and the real truth that I was the slayer, but this dread apparition has constantly censured me for my injustice to an innocent man. I cannot endure it another moment. Morgan has been convicted, but he is innocent. He had no part in the shooting. I did it all myself, and I alone am guilty and must suffer the blame. I know that in making this confession I will gain the only relief from the suffering I have endured since that terrible night. It would drive me crazy to keep on in the way I have done, with this awful apparition always with me. I appreciate all that Morgan has done in trying to shield me from any blame, but it is useless. The ghost of Gills will not give me a moment's peace."

WAR CARRIAGES.

Automobiles May Be Utilized in Battle.

The British military authorities are hurrying to South Africa steam traction engines to run without rails over the smooth veldt of the Transvaal. Samuel William Verner, who has been three years on the headwaters of the Kesai branch of the Kongo and is known as an explorer and scientist, has written an article explaining his belief in the feasibility of automobiles for Africa, which is published in the New York World. The topography of by far the larger extent of African territory, says he, is adapted to the use of light vehicles.

A strong, rough automobile could run over these plains without a road and could be used to great advantage with a

AUTOMOBILE IN BATTLE.

minimum of road clearing done by the natives for $1 a month wages. The smaller streams are crossed at about an average distance of 12 miles and, running through steep, narrow ravines cut in the plains by erosion, afford magnificent bases for the installation of water power.

The service in passenger transportation which these machines may render would alone justify their introduction. African exploration has been one long tale of suffering, hardship and disaster. Canoe travel exposes one to pestilential fogs of the low river basins. Mosquitoes swarm like Egypt's plagues. Crocodiles and hippopotamuses dispute the right of way. Hostile natives lurk in the forests. I lost ten men in this way and was nearly killed myself once. Unforeseen cataracts dash the frail bark upon rocks.

As a humanitarian agency such a machine in central Africa would be worth more than an army, a host of scientists or a cohort of missionaries.

Wherein They Differed.

Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a young physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women. When he ceased, she asked:

"Will you please tell me one reason why they should not practice medicine?"

"Certainly, madam. They haven't the muscle, the brawn, the physical strength."

"I see, sir. Your conception of a sickroom is a slaughter house. Mine is not."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Equalizing a Drawback.

He—I noticed that one of the leading golf players at the recent feminine championship contest was ruled off the course because she was offered some advice about her play by her husband.

She—It seems to me it would be no more than fair to give the women with husbands a reasonable handicap.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Case on Record.

In the whole history of this country not a single case has been recorded of fatigue on the part of any one who was collecting campaign funds. — Dallas